

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

*Kate.* I doe not know dat.

*King.* No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & ainé deesse.*

*Kath.* Your Maiessee ave fause Frenche enough to deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

*King.* Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou dost; notwithstanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Visage. Now bestrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come, your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?

*Kath.* Dat is as it shall please de Roy mon pere.

*King.* Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

*Kath.* Den it fall also content me.

*King.* Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

*Kath.* *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy: Je ne veus point que vous abbaisse vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indigne seruiteur excuse moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

*King.* Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate*.

*Kath.* *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisees denant leur nopces il net pas le costume de Fraunce.*

*King.* Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

*Lady.* Dat it is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en Anglish.

*King.* To kisse.

*Lady.* Your Maiessee entendre bettre que moy.

*King.* It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to kisse before they are married, would she say?

*Lady.* *Ouy verayment.*

*King.* O *Kate*, nice Customes curst to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that followes our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your

Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they should sooner perswade *Harry of England*, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your

*Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.*

*Burg.* God saue your Maiesstie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princess English?

*King.* I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.

*Burg.* Is shee not apt?

*King.* Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniure up the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likeness.

*Burg.* Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would coniure in her, you must make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true likeness, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with due Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if shee deny the appearance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configure to.

*King.* Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.

*Burg.* They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they doe.

*King.* Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent winking.

*Burg.* I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

*King.* This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and shee must be blinde to.

*Burg.* As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

*King.* It is so: and you may, some of you, thank Loue for my blindness, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

*French King.* Yes my Lord, you see them perspectiuelly: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

*England.* Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

*France.* So please you.

*England.* I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in the way for my With, shall shew me the way to my Will.

*France.* Wee haue consented to all tearmes of reason.

*England.* Is't so, my Lords of England?

*West.* The King hath graunted every Article:

His Daughter first; and in sequele, all,

According to their firme proposed natures.

*Exet. Onely*

*Exet.* Onely he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your Maiesstie demands, That the King of France, hauing any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this addition, in French: *Nostre trescher fils Henry Roy d'Angleterre Heretere de Fraunce*: and thus in Latine; *Præclarissimus Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.*

*France.* Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it passe.

*England.* I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance, Let that one Article ranke with the rest, And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

*France.* Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,

With enuy of each others happinesse, May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniunction Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord

In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

*Lords.* Amen.

*King.* Now welcome *Kate*: and beare me witnesse all, That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.

*Flourish.*

*Quee.* God, the best maker of all Marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one: As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue, So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall, That neuer may ill Office, or fell Icalousie,

Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage, Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes, To make diuorce of their incorporate League: That English may as French, French Englishmen, Receiue each other. God speake this Amen.

*All.* Amen.

*King.* Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day, My Lord of Burgundy wee'll take your Oath And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues. Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me, And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.

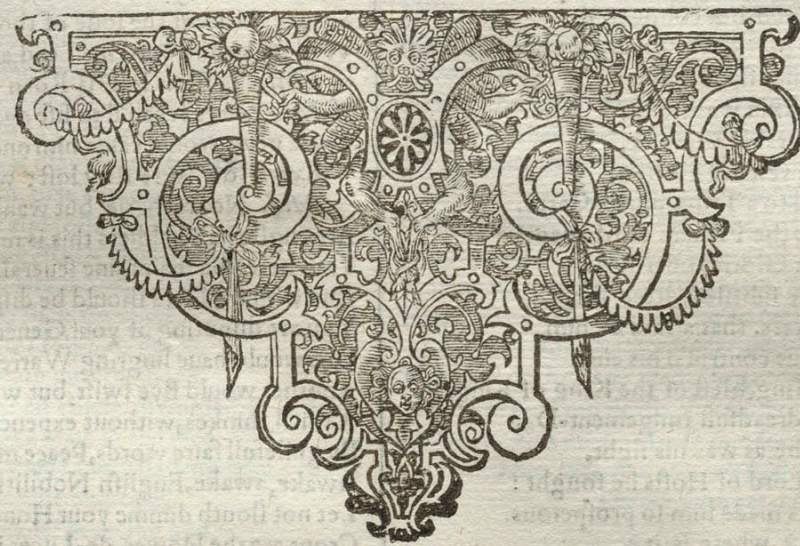
*Senet.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Chorus.*

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen, Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story, In little roome confining mightie men, Mangling by starts the full course of their glory. Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued This Starre of England, Fortune made his Sword; By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued: And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord. *Henry the Sixth*, in Infant Bands crown'd King Of France and England, did this King succeed: Whose State so many had the managing, That they lost France, and made his England bleed: Which oft our Stage hath shewn; and for their sake, In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.



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